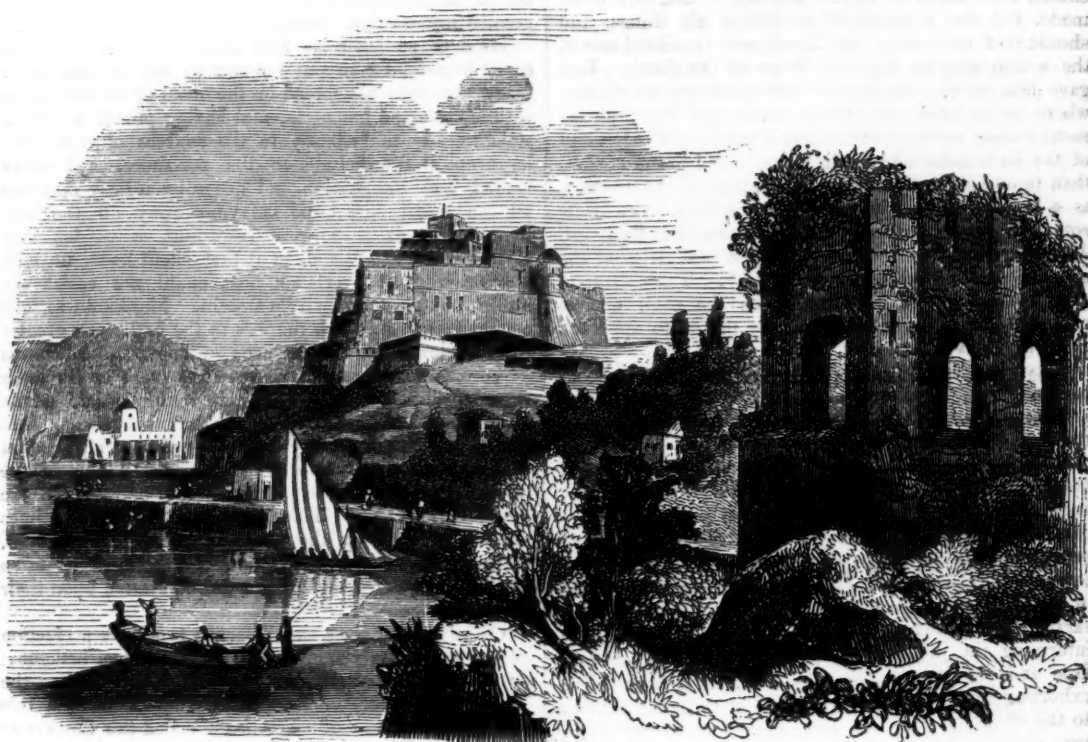




THE BAY OF BAIÆ.



CASTLE OF BAIÆ, AND RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

Let us go round,
And let the sail be slack, the course be slow,
That at our leisure, as we coast along,
We may contemplate, and from every scene
Receive its influence. The Cumæan towers,
There did they rise, sun-gilt; and here thy groves,
Delicious Baïæ. Here (what would they not?)
The masters of the earth, unsatisfied,
Built in the sea; and now the boatman steers
O'er many a crypt and vault, yet glimmering,
O'er many a broad and indestructible arch,
The deep foundations of their palaces;
Nothing now heard ashore, so great the change,
Save when the sea-mew clamours, or the owl
Hoots in the temple.—ROGERS'S *Italy*.

THE bay or gulf of Baïæ, one of the romantic portions of the bay of Naples, is a semicircular recess opposite the harbour of Pozzuoli, and about three miles distant from it. It has long been celebrated for the purity and softness of its air, arising from a salubrious and admirably sheltered situation. It commands a full view of the sea, and its shore is lined with ruins, the remains of the villas and baths of the Romans; some advance a considerable way out, and, though now under the waves, can be readily distinguished in fine weather. The promontory of Misenum is the boundary of this bay on the side towards the sea; the islands of Ischia and Procida are its natural barriers; while the whole line of coast to Naples, with the opposite shore of Sorrento, crowned by Vesuvius, forms a most magnificent prospect.

In ancient times, Baïæ was celebrated for its natural hot baths, to which the wealthier Romans resorted for the purposes both of medicine and pleasure. The variety

of these baths, the softness of the climate, and the beauty of the landscape, captivated the minds of the opulent nobles, whose passion for bathing knew no bounds. Abundance of linen, and the disuse of unguents, render the practice less necessary in modern life; but the ancients performed no exercise and engaged in no study without previous ablutions, which at Rome required an enormous expense in aqueducts, stoves, and attendants; and therefore a place where waters, naturally heated to every degree of temperature, bubble spontaneously out of the ground, in the pleasantest of all situations, formed a treasure which could not be overlooked. Such was Baïæ in the highest perfection: its easy communication with Rome was also a great advantage. Hither retired, for temporary relaxation, the mighty rulers of the world, to recruit their strength and revive their spirits, fatigued with bloody campaigns and civil contests. Their habitations at first were small and modest; but increasing luxury soon added palace to palace with such expedition, that ground could no longer be had for new erections; while enterprising architects, supported by boundless wealth, carried their foundations into the sea, and drove that element back from its ancient limits. From being a place of occasional resort for a season, Baïæ now grew up into a regular city; and whoever found himself disqualified, by age or infirmity, for any longer sustaining an active part in the political theatre; whoever, from indolence of disposition, sought a place where the pleasures of a town were combined with the sweets of rural life; whoever wished to withdraw from the dangerous

neighbourhood of a court, and the baneful eye of informers, flocked thither to enjoy life untainted with fear or trouble. Such a confluence of wealthy inhabitants rendered Baia as much a miracle of art as it had before been of nature; and its splendour may still be inferred from its innumerable ruins, heaps of marbles, mosaics, stucco, and other precious fragments of taste. It flourished in undiminished magnificence till the days of Theodoric the Goth; but the destruction of these enchanted palaces followed quickly upon the fruition of the northern conquerors, who overturned the Roman power, sacked and buried all before them, and destroyed or dispersed the whole race of nobility. Loss of fortune left the Romans neither the means nor indeed the thought of supporting such expensive establishments, which can only be enjoyed in perfection during peace and prosperity. No sooner had opulence failed, and the guardian hand of man been withdrawn, than the sea rushed back upon its old domain; moles and buttresses were torn asunder and washed away; and promontories, with the proud towers that once crowned their brows, were undermined and tumbled into the deep. Yet, in its ruined state, and stripped of all its ornaments, Baia still presents many striking objects for the admiration of the traveller and the pencil of the artist*. The objects of classic interest situated directly on the coast are so numerous, that travellers generally prefer to approach them by water.

The practice of building in the waters and encroaching on the sea, so common among the ancient Romans, is exemplified in a striking manner all along this coast. The practice is noticed by Horace:—

And though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain,
Your guilty progress would restrain.

The first object to which the guides direct the attention of the visitor are the Terme di Nerone (Nero's Baths). This emperor had here a magnificent villa, and had commenced a reservoir, in which he intended to collect all the hot waters that spring up at or near Baia. This edifice was to have extended from Misenum to the lake Avernus, a distance of three miles and a half in a direct line, and more than four including the windings of the coast: it was to have been lined with porticos, and roofed. But there is no particular reason, says Mr. Eustace, (unless we admit the traditionary appellation of the place to be such,) for supposing that the baths in question belonged to this work, or formed any part of the villa of Nero.

The baths at Baia consist of several galleries worked through the rock, and terminating in a fountain of boiling water. The vapour that arises from this fountain fills the whole cavern, and is so hot and oppressive as to render the approach difficult to persons not accustomed to the effects of steam. The galleries are high and wide enough to allow two persons to pass. There are also some apartments cut out of the solid stone for the accommodation of the bathers. These mineral waters seem to pervade the whole region; they ooze through the rocks, work their way under the sands, and heat them even to a considerable distance from the shore. They have been known, and their utility has been experienced, says Mr. Eustace, for more than two thousand years; they were never probably more neglected than they are at present; no care is taken to collect them; no buildings have been erected for the accommodation of visitants. The Neapolitans behold with indifference all the beauties and all the treasures of their coasts.

Fair Baia's shores, for tepid springs renown'd,
Where all the gay delights of life are found.

Mr. Roscoe relates a curious story of a conspiracy anciently formed by certain learned physicians of Sa-

lerno, to destroy the reputation of these celebrated baths; and it was effected in the following manner. These baths were distinguished for different properties, which, in the course of ages, were accurately known, and the qualities of each so well ascertained, that they were severally prescribed, according to the nature of the complaint, and the peculiar disposition of the patient. In order that no mistake might arise from injudicious practice, or ignorance of the qualities of the water, directions were distinctly engraven on stone, and placed full in view in the separate departments into which the place was divided; such departments being numerous. Now, the physicians, finding that the reputation of these baths greatly injured their own practice, and being decidedly opposed to so irregular and charlatanical a source of cure, determined to put an end to the growing evil. They therefore assembled in the dead of night, armed with chisels and hammers, and having procured a boat, stole secretly and silently to the sources of their philanthropical disquietude on the sea-shore, and there vented their indignation and spleen by utterly defacing all the inscriptions, and carrying away all the statues. But as they were returning, a sudden and violent storm arose, and, as at that silent hour, no help was near, their overlaid boat could not resist the waves, and sank with all its freight. Mankind was thus avenged; for although the loss to the baths was greatly to be deplored, they having been so long a fruitful source of cure, yet the mischievous effects were at the same time considerably lightened by the loss it is said of the physicians. In commemoration of this event, Don Pedro de Toledo, viceroy of Naples, caused an account of it to be engraven on marble, with the names of the physicians, and had it placed at the entrance to the grotto of Pausilipo. This document was in aftertimes secretly removed by the manœuvres, as it is supposed, of the fraternity, who felt annoyed at the sight of so public a record, conveying such an imputation upon their honourable calling.

On advancing from the Thermæ to a little projection on the shore, the visitor arrives at an edifice, octagonal on the outside, but circular within: it is now called the Tempio di Venere, or Temple of Venus. Behind this edifice are a range of apartments called the Camere di Venere, or Chambers of Venus; they are ornamented with basso-relievos in stucco. At a short distance from this temple rises another edifice, vaulted and lighted from above, like the Pantheon: it is called the Temple of Mercury. Still further on rises another nearly similar; this is called the Temple of Diana. "The traces of conduits for conveying water to all their apartments, and their situation on a coast where baths were probably in more estimation and request than temples, furnish a very plausible pretext to the supposition of their being Thermæ. Their shattered forms, shaded here and there with shrubs and flowers, rising on the margin of the sea, on a coast so beautiful, yet so solitary, produce a fine and uncommon effect."

Advancing southward we pass under the castle of Baia, a fortress which stands on the brow of a rocky precipice, commanding the harbour, and rising to a considerable elevation above the sea. Its appearance at a distance is described as rather splendid and majestic, owing to its size, and the rich colour of the stone of which it is built. This fortress was built by Don Pedro of Toledo, viceroy of Naples, for the better security of the coast against pirates.

About a quarter of a mile beyond Baia there rises, almost on the beach, a semicircular building with a gallery within, adorned with basso-relievos in stucco. This edifice is popularly called the tomb of Agrippina. "This empress, after having escaped the fate intended for her at sea, on her return from Baia, was conveyed to her own villa on the Lucrine Lake, and shortly after murdered there: she was buried privately, and her

* *Encyclopædia Britannica.*

to destroy the reputation of these celebrated tomb, which was erected after the death of Nero, in the neighbourhood, and on the hill near the road to Misenum, corresponded rather with her misfortunes than with her rank. Mr. Eustace suggests that the supposed tomb of Agrippina may be a portion, perhaps the theatre of the villa of Bautis, which once belonged to Hortensius, and was afterwards the favourite resort of some of the emperors, and upon this occasion the scene of the last interview between Nero and his mother.

Baie, indeed, was not only the seat of voluptuousness, but sometimes also the theatre of cruelty; two vices intimately allied, and not unfrequently most notoriously displayed in places whence the smiling features of nature might seem to have banished at least the latter. The murder of a parent, the barbarous termination of the feast of Carnalia, and the secret executions of the island of Capree, only show what a monster man becomes when his power is equal to his malignity.

Opening in front to the sea beneath the little promontory of Bautis are the Cento Camerelle (the hundred little chambers), a number of grottoes, communicating with each other within, and branching out into several long galleries, that form a sort of labyrinth. Their object is not known; they may have been reservoirs of fresh water, or merely the substructions of some edifice. Equally inexplicable is the Piscina Mirabile (the wonderful fish-pond), a subterraneous edifice, vaulted, and divided by four rows of arcades. Its date, author, and destination, are equally unknown. Some suppose it to have been a fish-pond, as its present appellation imports, and called 'mirabile' on account of the exquisite style of its architecture; and that it belonged to one of the great villas of this place, perhaps to that of Lucullus, who is said to have spared no expense in the erection of such receptacles. Others suppose it to have been originally a reservoir of fresh water, made by order of Agrippa, for the use of the fleet that wintered at Misenum. Mr. Eustace suggests that this artificial cavern and many similar works in the same direction, may be parts of that vast reservoir planned and commenced by Nero, but never finished. "Its magnitude, proportions, and elevation, are all on a grand scale, and announce the opulence and magnificence of its author; while its vaults and arcades correspond precisely with the account given of that emperor's projected edifice. 'He begun,' says Suetonius, 'a reservoir from Misenum to the lake Avernus, covered in, and enclosed by piazzas, into which all the warm springs at Baie were to be turned.'"

Comparing the ancient with the modern Baie, Mr. Eustace says that its salubrious waters are turned into pools of infection; and its gales that once breathed health and perfume, now waft poison and death. This remarkable change has been explained by the practice of steeping flax in the waters of the shore, which during the hot months infect the air. Besides this, the streams and sources which were once collected on the hills in aqueducts and reservoirs, are now allowed to spread and ooze down the declivities, and settle in the hollows below; and the stagnant water thus collected soon becomes putrid during the hot months. The editor of the last edition of Mr. Eustace's *Classical Tour*, says, "This inconvenience might easily be remedied, and will, without doubt, when the government becomes more active, and the taste of the Neapolitan gentry more rural."

ADVENTURE ON AN ISLAND OF SAND.

SOMETIMES a party, row'd from town, will land
On a small islet form'd of shelly sand,
Left by the water when the tides are low,
But which the floods in their return o'erflow;
There will they anchor, pleased awhile to view,
The watery waste, a prospect wild and new;
The now receding billows give them space,
On either side the growing shores to pace;

And then returning, they contract the beach;
Till small and smaller grows the walk between;
As sea to sea approaches, shore to shore,
Till the next ebb the sandy isle restores.
Then what alarm! what danger and dismay,
If all their trust, their boat, should drift away;
And once it happen'd—say the friends advanced;
They walk'd, they ran, they play'd, they sang, they danced;
The urns were boiling, and the cups went round,
And not a grave or thoughtful face was found;
On the bright sand they trod with nimble feet,
Dry shelly sand they made the summer seat;
The wondering mews flew fluttering o'er the head,
And waves ran softly up their shining bed.
Some form'd a party from the rest to stray
Pleased to collect the trifles in their way;
These to behold they call their friends around,—
No friends can hear, or hear another sound;
Alarm'd they hasten, yet perceive not why,
But catch the fear that quickens as they fly.
For lo! a lady sage, who paced the sand
With her fair children, one in either hand,
Intent on home, had turn'd, and saw the boat,
Slip from her moorings, and now far afloat;
She gazed, she trembled, and though faint her call, hoarse
It seem'd, like thunder, to confound them all.
Their sailor-guides, the boatman and his mate,
Had drunk and slept regardless of their state.
"Awake," they cried aloud, "alarm the shore!
"Shout all, or never shall we reach it more!"
Alas! no shout the distant land can reach,
Nor eye behold them from the foggy beach!
Again they join in one long powerful cry,
Then cease, and eager listen for reply:
None came—the rising wind blew sadly by.
They shout once more, and then they turn aside,
To see how quickly flow'd the coming tide.
Between each cry they find the waters steal
On their strange prison, and new horrors feel!
Foot after foot on the contracted ground
The billows fall, and dreadful is the sound;
Less and yet less the sinking isle became,
And there was wailing, weeping, wrath, and blame,
Had one been there, with spirit strong and high,
Who could observe, as he prepared to die,
He might have seen of hearts the varying kind,
And traced the movement of each different mind.
He might have seen, that not the gentle maid
Was more than stern and haughty man afraid;
Such calmly grieving, will their fears suppress,
And silent prayers to Mercy's Throne address;
While fiercer minds, impatient, angry, loud,
Force their vain grief on the reluctant crowd:
The party's patron, sorely sighing, cried,
"Why would you urge me? I at first denied."
Fiercely they answer'd, "Why will you complain,
Who saw no danger, or was warn'd in vain?"
A few essay'd the troubled soul to calm,
But dread prevail'd, and anguish, and alarm.
Now rose the water through the lessening sand,
And they seem'd sinking while they yet could stand;
The sun went down, they look'd from side to side,
Nor aught except the gathering sea descri'd;
Dark and more dark, more wet, more cold it grew,
And the most lively bade to hope adieu.
Children, by love then lifted from the seas,
Felt not the waters at the parents' knees,
But wept aloud; the wind increased the sound,
And the cold billows as they broke around.
"Once more, yet once again, with all our strength,
"Cry to the land—we may be heard at length."
Vain hope if yet unseen!—But hark, an oar,
That sound of bliss! comes dashing to their shore;
Still, still, the water rises. "Haste!" they cry,
"Oh, hurry, seamen, in delay we die!"
(Seamen were these who in their ship perceived
The drifted boat, and then her crew relieved.)
And now the keel just cuts the cover'd sand,
Now to the gunwale stretches every hand;
With trembling pleasure all confused embark,
And kiss the tackling of their welcome ark;
While the most giddy, as they reach the shore,
Think of their danger, and their God adore.—CRABBE

WOODSTOCK DR. JOHN COLET, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral; Founder of St. Paul's School.



SIR HENRY COLET, the father of the subject of the present notice, was a mercer in the city of London, where "he did, by God's blessing upon his industry, arrive to great wealth and honour; retaining always the more eminent character of a wise and honest man." He was senior sheriff in 1477, and, during the brief but turbulent reign of Richard the Third, was mixed up with public affairs, and managed to escape the fury of the usurper, although he was attached to the cause of his rival. In the beginning of the reign of Henry the Seventh, he was elected Lord Mayor of London, and soon after was knighted.

JOHN COLET, the eldest of two and twenty children, was born in the parish of St. Anthony, in the city of London, in 1466. "At which time it was reputed a sort of nobility to be born and bred in that great city, and more was expected from such than from others." He probably received the rudiments of his education at St. Anthony's School in Threadneedle Street, that being the most celebrated seminary within the city at that time.

The early death of ten brothers and eleven sisters seems to have made a deep impression upon Colet, and to have disposed him, from his youth, to make religion his chief concern. Rejecting, therefore, all the allurements to the pursuit of wealth, which his father's station held out to him, he applied himself to the study of divinity, "choosing St. Paul as his particular master, and exercising himself perfectly in his writings." According to Erasmus, Colet had, during his youth, become well acquainted with the scholastic philosophy of the age; was skilful in Latin and mathematics, and well read in civil and canon law; he had also studied the history and constitution of the church and state, and had "run through all the English poets for the true use of them, to help to correct and embellish his language and skill, and to fit and prepare him for a more eloquent preacher."

About the year 1483 he entered Magdalen College, Oxford, where, "after he had spent seven years in logicals and philosophicals, he was licensed to proceed in arts." At this time his reputation for learning was so great, that the highest expectations were formed of him. He left Oxford about the year 1493, and was occupied during the succeeding four years in travelling on the Continent. It was at Paris that Colet first conceived an ardent desire to become acquainted with Erasmus, from seeing some letters by him, and hearing him

praised by the learned men of the French capital. At Rome, Colet improved his knowledge of Latin; and at Padua he advanced himself in Greek.

While yet a novice Colet was preferred several times; he received a living in Suffolk, a prebendary in York, and another in Sarum; a living in Huntingdonshire, and a canonry of St. Martin-le-Grand in London; also before he was nineteen, he was preferred to the great living of Denington. "This practice of taking livings while a novice has generally (though very irregular, and indecent) prevailed in the Church of Rome; and was one of those many abuses which have been since removed by the Reformation. But if he did enter upon a cure of souls before he could sufficiently consider the weighty charge belonging to it, yet by his care, when he came to a more mature age, he atoned for it." He was ordained deacon in 1497, and during the same year was made priest.

Colet is described about this time as being better adapted for a public life than for the confinement of a college or the priest's office. His person was tall and well formed; he was impatient of the smallest injury or affront; he was addicted to luxury and sloth; was greatly disposed to wit and jocoseness, and moreover was somewhat avaricious. "Had he followed these inclinations, which were the alloy of natural corruption and a degenerate age, he had been fitter for any course of life than that of a student and divine. But he gave full proof that true virtue is neither an inability to do evil, nor any natural aversion to it; but a voluntary restraint of the innate tendencies and impulses of flesh and blood to vice and immorality. He conquered and then commanded himself, and brought his high spirit to be subject to reason; so that he could bear a reproof even from his own servant. His disposition to sleep and luxury he restrained by a continual abstinence from suppers, a strict sobriety, a close application to his studies, and by serious and religious conversation. So that, by his philosophy, his divinity, his watchings and fastings, and devotions, he preserved every step of his whole life from the pollutions of the world."

Although exceedingly fond of society, he felt that the indulgence of this taste was a great temptation to him, and he avoided it; but when forced to be present at a public entertainment, he forgot the pleasures of the table in the company of some learned friend, whom he could seek out and talk to in Latin. "Being always jealous of himself, he would therefore be constantly upon his guard, and cautious to the last degree of offending any body; and he so behaved himself in all the minute circumstances of humane life, as if he well knew, the eyes of all people were fixed upon him. There never was a more flowing wit, which for that reason delighted in the like society; but even then, he chose rather to divert to such discourse as savoured most of religion and eternal life. And if ever he indulged himself in any light and pleasant stories, he would still give some turn of philosophy and serious application to them. He was a great lover of little children, admiring the pretty innocence and simplicity in them; and he would often observe how our Saviour had set them for our example; being wont to compare them to the angels above."

After having sojourned for a time among his friends in London, Colet retired to Oxford, "for the happy opportunities of a studious and pious life; yet not to be buried, but to let his light shine." Here he delivered public lectures on St. Paul's Epistles which were well attended, not by students only, but by the dignitaries of the Church.

Towards the end of 1497, Colet made the acquaintance of Erasmus, during the visit of this distinguished man to Oxford. Without waiting for a personal introduction through some mutual friend, Colet adopted the simple course of writing to him, stating various reasons why he had so long desired to make his acquaintance, and asking for an interview. Our space will not allow us to quote from these interesting letters more than one short passage. They affect too much that complimentary strain in which the learned men of the time were accustomed to address each other; but there is every

reason to believe that, in this case the praise mutually bestowed was mutually sincere. Erasmus commends Colet's style as being, "easie, smooth, unaffected, flowing from a rich vein, as waters from a clear fountain-head; even, and in every part like itself, open, plain, modest, having nothing in it rugged, or rattling, or turbid, so that he could see the image of his soul in his letters. . . . You speak whatever you mean; and mean all you speak: words arise from your heart rather than your lips; they follow your conception, not your conception them. In short, you have that happy facility that you can deliver without pains what another could hardly express with the greatest labour. But to yourself I refrain from your praises that I may not offend against decency, knowing how unwilling they are to be praised who deserve the greatest praises."

Erasmus, in his delightful letters, makes frequent mention of Colet. On one occasion he notices a public dinner, "where the table-talk was scholastical and theological, Master Colet sitting as moderator. Among other discourse, Colet said 'that Cain's greatest offence, and the most odious in God's sight, was his distrusting the bounty of our great Creator, and placing too much confidence in his own art and industry; and so tilling the ground, while his brother Abel, content with the natural productions of the earth, was only feeding sheep.' Upon this argument the whole company engaged; the divine arguing by strict syllogisms, while Erasmus opposed in a more loose and rhetorical manner. But, in truth," says Erasmus, "this one divine (Master Colet) was more than a match for us all. He seemed to be filled with a divine spirit, and to be somewhat above a man: he spoke not only with his voice, but his eyes, his countenance, and his whole demeanour."

During his stay in Oxford, Erasmus lodged with Richard Charnock, prior of the regulars of the order of St. Austin, with whom Colet had frequent intercourse. "Nothing," says Erasmus, "can be more sweet, lovely, and charming than the temper and conversation of these two men; I could live even in Scythia, or any the remotest part of the world, with two such agreeable friends and companions."

Erasmus was so well pleased with his visit to Oxford, that he repeated it in the following summer, in company with his pupil Lord Mountjoy. In a letter to Colet, he sums up the points debated in the course of various conversations. It appears that Colet had proposed to his friend some "doubts and queries about several darker passages in St. Paul's Epistles, which he, Colet, understood in a sense different from the common acceptation of the Church." "These matters," says Erasmus, "since it is dangerous to dispute openly of them, I had rather reserve them to our private conversation, as fitter for word of mouth than writing." In his reply Colet expresses his anxiety to defend that opinion which is true, or most like the truth. "In the mean time," he says, "I hear you with patience; and when like two flints, we are striking one another, if any spark of light flies out, let us eagerly catch at it: we seek not for our own opinion, but for the truth which in this mutual conflict may perhaps be extorted as fire out of steel."

While Erasmus was at Oxford, Colet was obliged to visit some distant part of England, but the two friends still maintained a constant correspondence, and Colet used to send his own servant to carry and bring back the letters that passed between them.

During his residence at Oxford, Colet exerted himself to introduce a number of reforms into the university; he endeavoured to enforce a more earnest and painstaking study of the Scriptures than was customary at that time; he endeavoured to promote the study of Greek, against which so singular a prejudice existed; and in this respect he was successful, on account of the very violence of the opposition. A preacher at St. Mary's declaimed openly against "the pernicious innovation of the Greek tongue," and used much violent language, proclaiming every one to be a heretic who understood it; upon this, the students "raised such a

ferment" that the king, being then at Woodstock heard of it, and sending for Sir Thomas More and Richard Pace, had the whole matter explained to him in proper terms, upon which his majesty sent his royal letters to the university, not only allowing but commending the study of Greek among the young men*.

In 1504 Colet took his degree of Doctor of Divinity, and in the following year was made dean of St. Paul's, "without one single step of his own, but because the king, who loved to give unexpected and undesired favours, thought this preferment very proper for him upon the account of his being a most eminent divine and excellent preacher, and this the chief church in his capital city, as also his being a native of, and the son and heir of one who had been twice chief magistrate of that city."

No sooner was Colet invested with this new dignity, than he used his best exertions to restore the discipline of the cathedral church, which had become very lax, and to revive the practice of preaching, which had fallen into disuse. He preached regularly on Sundays, and on all solemn festivals, and, considering that the Scriptures were at that time confined almost entirely to the clergy, he did not take a desultory text from the gospel or epistle for the day, but preferred to give a series of discourses on some large subject, such as the Lord's Prayer, the Gospel of St. Matthew, the Creed, &c. These discourses were very popular, and were generally attended by the chief magistrates of the city; and in order that they might not depend upon the exertions of himself alone, Dean Colet sought out other learned and pious men who were able to assist him in the useful work.

This example produced a favourable effect upon other deans, who also "introduced the pious practice of preaching every Sunday." Public lecturers, also, at the universities, and in the cathedral churches, who had hitherto "taken the liberty of reading upon any book, rather than upon the Holy Scriptures," were also induced to profit by Dean Colet's example in reading and expounding St. Paul's Epistles, or some other parts of Scripture.

Erasmus has left a pleasing picture of the dean's mode of life in private. He says, "The dean's table, which, under the name of hospitality, had before served too much to pomp and luxury, he contracted to a more frugal and temperate way of entertaining. And it having been his custom, for many years, to eat but one meal, that of dinner, he had always the evening to himself. When he dined privately with his own family, he had always some strangers for his guests; but the fewer, because his provision was frugal; which yet was neat and gentle. The sittings were short; and the discourses such as pleased only the learned and the good. As soon as grace before meat was said, some boy with a good voice read distinctly a chapter out of one of St. Paul's Epistles, or out of the proverbs of Solomon. When he had done reading, the dean would pitch upon some particular part of it, and thence frame a subject-matter of discussion; asking either the

* The following amusing anecdote affords a good illustration of the ignorance and prejudice which Colet laboured to remove:

"It was not long after this, that a divine, preaching at court, presumed to rail plentifully at Greek learning. Pace cast his eyes upon the king to observe how his majesty was affected with such stuff. The king smiled upon Pace by way of contempt of the railing, and after the sermon sent for the preacher, and appointed a solemn disputation, wherein he himself would be present, to debate the matter between the preacher opposing, and Mr. Thomas More defending, the use of the Greek tongue. When the time came, Mr. More began an eloquent apology in favour of that ancient language. The divine instead of answering to the purpose, fell down upon his knees and only begged pardon for giving any offence in the pulpit; and excusing himself that what he did was by the impulse of the spirit. 'Not the spirit of Christ,' says the king 'but the spirit of insatiation.' His majesty then asked him whether he had read anything of Erasmus? He said, 'no.' 'Why then,' says the king, 'you are a very foolish fellow to censure what you never read.' 'I have read,' says he, 'something they call Moria.' 'Yes,' says Pace, 'may it please your highness such a subject is fit for such a reader.' At last the preacher, to bring himself the better off, declared that he was now better reconciled to the Greek tongue, because it was derived from the Hebrew! The king, amazed at the ignorance of the man, dismissed him with a charge that he should never again preach at court."

learned, or such as were otherwise of good understanding, what was the meaning of this or that expression; and he would so adapt and temper his discourse, that though it was grave and serious, yet it never tired or gave any distaste. Aghast toward the end of dinner, when the company was rather satisfied than satiated, he would throw in another subject of discourse; and thus he dismissed his guests with a double repast, refreshed in their minds as well as bodies; so that they always went away better than they came; and were not oppressed with what they had eat and drunk. He was mightily delighted with the conversation of his friends, which he would sometimes protract till very late in the evening. But all his discourse was either of learning or religion. If he could not get an agreeable companion, (for it was not everybody he did like,) one of his servants read some part of the holy scriptures to him. In his journeys he would sometimes make me his companion; and he was as easy and pleasant as any man living. Yet he always carried a book with him, and all his discourse was seasoned with religion. He was so impatient of whatever was foul or sordid, that he could not bear with any indecent way of speaking. He loved to be neat and clean in his goods, furniture, entertainment, apparel, and books, and whatever belonged to him; and yet he despised all state and magnificence. His habit was only black; though it was then common for the higher clergy to be clad in purple. His upper garment was always of woollen cloth, and plain; which, if the weather was cold and required it, he lined with fur. Whatever came in by his ecclesiastical preferments, he delivered to his steward to be laid out on family occasions, or hospitality. And all that arose from his own proper estate, which was very large, he gave away for pious and charitable uses.

The strict discipline and the numerous reforms which Dean Colet had revived and introduced, together with the boldness of language with which he reproved vice, whenever he saw occasion, whether in private, or in the pulpit, had the effect of raising up many enemies, who even went so far as to prefer against him a formal charge of heresy;—a word of fatal signification in those days; but Archbishop Warham, who knew the integrity and worth of Dean Colet, did not even trouble him to make a formal answer to the charges brought against him. An appeal seems to have been made to the King against the decision of the Archbishop, for Bishop Latimer says that, when a student, he remembers the noise that the prosecution of Dean Colet for heresy then made, and that "he was not only in trouble, but should have been burnt if God had not turned the King's heart to the contrary."

These troubles and persecutions seemed only to make the good dean more devout and charitable, and caused him to dwell with more earnestness upon heavenly things. Fearing that his fortune, which was very large, might corrupt his mind, and turn it too much towards the world, he resolved to devote the greater portion of it upon some object which might be of perpetual use to his fellow creatures.

The public charity of England had long been bestowed upon the building and adorning of churches; the founding and endowing of monasteries and religious houses; the establishing of chantries and perpetual masses for the souls of the dead. As the monks had long held possession of the learning and knowledge of the times, so they claimed to be the only privileged teachers of youth. Hence it had long been customary for the nobility and gentry to send their sons to some religious house to be educated, and the Dominicans, Franciscans, or Augustin Friars, were generally preferred. The instruction imparted does not seem to have been of a very solid character; for, according to Erasmus, "they had not above three months' time allowed them for learning grammar, and then immediately were posted away to sophistry, logic, suppositions, ampliations, restrictions, expositions, resolutions, and a thousand quibbles, and soon to the mysteries of divinity." But for some time previous to the Reformation, a pretty general feeling had arisen in favour of grammar, as introductory to a correct knowledge of Latin and Greek; and it had

become common to endow colleges, and provide for students in the universities.

But as, on account of a deficiency of grammar schools these students were generally sent to the universities badly prepared to pursue their studies, so the state of learning at the universities was then very low. Dean Colet therefore considered that he should best serve the cause of learning and religion by founding a grammar school for the instruction of youth in Latin and Greek, as being the best and only foundation for academical studies, and especially those of divinity.

Having thus decided, he was not long in determining the locality of the new establishment. "London was his native city, wherein his father had obtained a fair portion of wealth and honour; and he bore a new relation to it as Dean of the noble cathedral church in the midst of it. He also found the city in nothing more deficient than in public schools for the education of youth."

The particulars respecting the establishment of this school, and its subsequent history, will be stated in another article. It occupied the dean several years of his life; and when completed, his love of retirement seemed to increase upon him. In order to indulge this taste, the dean built a suitable house near Richmond for his future residence. But being twice seized with the sweating sickness, and relapsing into it a third time, a consumption was the result, which proved fatal on the 16th of September, 1519. Thus died, in the fifty-third year of his age, the eminent founder of St. Paul's School, one of the lights of the age in which he lived; an honour to his country, and whose celebrated establishment will perpetuate his name to the latest posterity.

His remains were interred in the choir of his cathedral, with an humble monument which had been prepared for him several years before, and with no other inscription than his name. A memorial more suited to his character and fame was afterwards erected to him by the Company of Mercers; this was destroyed with the cathedral in the dreadful fire which consumed that church in 1666; but a copy of it is given in Dr. Knight's *Life* of the dean. About the year 1680, while the church was being pulled down for the purpose of being rebuilt, a leaden coffin was found inclosed in the wall, about two feet and a half above the floor. A leaden plate was attached, containing the name of the dean, his dignity, benefactions, &c.

The principal object of the writings of the dean was to promote the right instruction of his school. In our historical sketch of this establishment, these works will be more particularly noticed; but we may here give the following list:—1. *Oratio Habita*, a Convocation Sermon, preached in 1511. 2. *Rudimenta Grammatices*, commonly called "Paul's Accidence," for the use of St. Paul's School. 3. *The Construction of the Eight Parts of Speech*, which, with certain alterations and additions, forms the syntax in Lily's Grammar, 1530. 4. *Daily Devotions*, or the Christian's Morning and Evening Sacrifice. 5. *Monition to a good Life*. 6. *Epistles to Erasmus*. Many of these are printed among the *Epistles of Erasmus*, and some at the end of Dr. Knight's *Life*. He wrote but few sermons, as he generally preached without notes. Some of his compositions still remain in manuscript.

THE magician who has become so famous in Europe through Mr. Lane, (*Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians*, Vol. I. p. 347,) we did not see. But we learned enough on the subject to persuade us, that the whole matter depends on a certain proneness to believe on the part of the spectator, and a series of leading questions on the part of the operator. We were further informed, on good authority, that he exhibits his art only before Franks, and that the native Egyptians know little or nothing about the matter.—ROBINSON'S *Palestine*.

A TRIP TO DOVER.

With very few exceptions the prevailing feeling, when one has made up one's mind to leave London, is the wish to get out of it as fast as possible, but no one certainly feels this wish so strongly as the smoke-dried city, your thorough man of business, who, on the morning of a once-a-year holiday, starts from his home on pleasure bent, after a night spent in dreaming of "green fields and babbling brooks." How great the advantages of the modern system of locomotion in such a case, and how pleasingly in unison with his feelings, the rapid precision of railway arrangements! With a one-shilling carpet bag (that modern implement hated by the whole race of porters) in his hand, he steps into the fastest cab, he can get, an agreeable contrast to the lumbering omnibus that conveys him every morning to the bank, and reaches one of the five great focuses from which, in widely diverging lines, the overflows of this vast metropolis are daily poured over the country.

There, without the trouble of making up his mind and booking his body days before, he quietly follows the stream, puts himself into the hands of the company's servants, who place him to the best advantage. In the truly descriptive address of a Frenchman to his more nervous or less experienced companion, "Soyez tranquille, on nous mettra dans le train." All these steps towards the devoutly-wished consummation of "getting out of town," are extremely satisfactory, and the method and celerity with which the preparations are made, and the clock-work precision of the start and the rapidity with which increasing distance separates you from the objects you have left, renders the accomplishment of the wished-for change of air, place, and ideas, much more complete, and much more rapid than was possible under the old regime.

It was with such feelings, akin to those we can fancy to animate the imprisoned blackbird as he escapes from his long tenanted prison, that we found ourselves the other morning, about half past ten, at the Bricklayers' Arms, and took our seat in a special train provided by the kindness and liberality of the directors. It was one of those fresh-blowing days whose mild air is peculiarly fitted to invigorate the weary spirit, and it gave additional charms to the landscape by the ever-varying play of light and shade from the flitting clouds. The extensive station, built in remarkably good taste, has a roof so ingeniously light that it makes one instinctively shudder at the recollection of an accident during its erection which proved fatal; but all is now in good order, and we swept out in gallant style from under its protecting shade. The appearance of the converging lines of railway at this point is very remarkable, as they wind on arched terraces, looking like lines of ancient aqueducts, through miles of garden ground in the best order. Passing Dulwich College, where the fair collection of pictures is open to public view, we command the fine view of the well-wooded heights of Bromley, and even see Bromley Hill itself, the village decorated with so much taste by the late Lord Farnborough. Croydon is a little off the line. Here we passed the Brighton mail train, and, being now at liberty to use our own pace, set off in great style towards Reigate. The country continues rich till the line reaches a high ridge of chalk, the geological boundary of the London and plastic clay, commonly called the London basin. At the foot of this ridge a house was pointed out, in the low floor of which the water is said to rise every third year, rendering it uninhabitable. Though intermittent springs, variously explained by philosophers, are not uncommon in some parts of the world, this, if correct, we should imagine to be a solitary instance of so protracted an interval.

A deep cut carries the line into this ridge of chalk, where the sides stand exceedingly steep, at an angle much beyond that usual in such cuttings, because the indurated yet porous structure of the chalk enables it to resist the contraction and expansion of winter's frost and thaw better than clay or gravel. At length the cut becomes too deep, and we enter a tunnel which extends above 5000 feet, where the unexpected accumulation of water from above has rendered a lining of zinc necessary throughout a considerable portion of its extent. The castle of Reigate which stands on a sand hill furnishing materials for making glass, is very ancient, and in the court is a cave, called the Barons' cave, from a tradition of its having been used in preparing the Magna Charta. Before entering Reigate we pass Gatton Park, the approach to which is one of the finest in England. Leaving Reigate we desert the Brighton line at nearly a right angle and run to the east in a very straight direction, passing through Holmsdale, famous for its oaks, the impene-

trable refuge of the Britons when persecuted by the Romans. Some of the descendants of these old protectors of our ancestors still remain, and no native of England can regard them without veneration, though our sympathies may be a little disturbed by passing at railway speed through the sacred shades of the Druids.

We were now fairly on the company's peculiar line, and none certainly is better adapted for speed, with a perfectly straight stretch of forty-five miles, and a ruling gradient of one in two hundred and forty only. Here then, the power of our engines, the *Shakespeare* and the *Scott*, was put forth, and though we might, with equal ease have reached sixty miles an hour, we were satisfied with fifty, and seated as we were on the tender, it appeared fast enough, though it is very remarkable how little extraordinary sensation is experienced by passing through the air at this very rapid rate. It must be confessed that whatever our familiarity with this rate may in time go in breeding contempt of it, at present it appears very satisfactory, and the travellers to Dover need not envy the Great Western its larger gauge, which is said to be peculiarly adapted to great speed. It is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of the country between Reigate and Ashford through Tunbridge. This forms the Weald of Kent; the soil rests on the clay formation, and the sand which stretches over the greater part of the county, surrounded by the greensand and chalk. Here the timber is luxuriant, and though the wheat may not this season be a very heavy crop, and the beans are indifferent, the hops are healthy, and nothing can be more rich than the whole appearance of the country. Nevertheless, the whole of this country requires draining very much, and the strong soil is considered, from the water with which it is surcharged, inferior to the rest of the county. One great obstacle to improvement has been the want of good roads and the difficulty of carrying the produce to market, and bringing back manure. We were assured nothing could be greater than the contrast of travelling as we were now doing, and the obstructions which the natural character of the country and the wretched state of communication presented to the works in progress.

The value of this great trunk as a thoroughfare will become every day more apparent, and already the change is very great. Coals which at Ashford cost formerly thirty-four shillings per ton, are now reduced to twenty-four shillings, and lime which, until draining becomes general, is the only corrective of the cold land in this district, is now much used. The breed of cattle is generally the Devon, but there is a long-horned black breed mixed with them, resembling the Welsh. The sheep are not the South-downs but a white-faced breed resembling the Notts of the West of England. At Ashford the railway bends towards the south, and very soon the face of the country changes, and we again enter the chalk, which is bare of trees, and presents a succession of rising grounds that continue all the way to Folkestone. The present station is considerably above the harbour, and about a quarter of a mile distant. We reached it five minutes before one, having accomplished eighty-two miles in less than two hours and a quarter. An omnibus was ready to take us to the pier, but a branch railroad is now in preparation, and it is to be recorded to the honour of an old inhabitant of Folkestone, that he said he was so well aware of the benefit the railway must confer upon his native place, that he would put the garden, which had been the joy of his life for fifty years, into the hands of the company and take what they chose to offer for it. It is an ancient landing place mentioned by the name of "Fulcheston" in Domesday Book, and here the French made a descent and burned the town in 1378. The town hangs upon the steep slopes and is ill-built, but its former inhabitants, the fishermen, are likely to give place to much more fashionable residents. The company, finding they could make no reasonable terms with the former trustees, were forced to purchase the harbour, and have spent a large sum of money in clearing it. Unfortunately a strong current from the west brings in an immense quantity of shingle, to avoid which, and obtain a low water pier, a plan has been made for extending the present pier at an expense of 80,000*l*.

We partook of a *déjeuner* served in the Harbour house kept for the meetings of the company. After luncheon the offer to put one of the Company's steamers in requisition for a little trip was gladly accepted, and we embarked in the far-famed *Princess Mary*, an iron boat, which has beat everything she has tried speed with. She makes the *trajet* to Boulogne, 26 miles, in one hour and fifty minutes, and is the fastest steamer ever built. Nothing could exceed

the effect of the changing lights as we rounded the pier-head and stood along to Sandgate, about three miles to the west. It stands prettily, but the accommodation is evidently very limited. The whole coast, however, presents that varied appearance of broken ground and sea-beach which may well tempt a townsman to exchange for it his city haunts in the dog days. Here one may feel as if shaking hands with our opposite neighbours, not only from the appearance of the Company's servants with *Interprète Français* on their collars, and the crowd of foreigners leaving the steamer, which only two hours ago was made fast to the French shore, but from the distinct view obtained of the Cape Gris Nez and a considerable stretch of coast. The effect produced by the good-humoured mixture of all classes on the railways cannot be overvalued. There is something in the facilities they afford compared with the old modes of travelling, the perfect respectability of the whole management, and the civility of their servants, that not only inspire confidence, but promote a feeling of ease and cheerfulness, in strong contrast to the anxiety and constant attitude of self-defence, which was the natural position of every traveller under the old regime. This effect is now carried a step further by the facilities for intercourse with our continental neighbours, which the railways have so materially promoted. Whatever may be the difference of character, sufficient points of sympathy exist when the salient angles are a little rubbed off, and our strangest mutual prejudices subdued. It is certainly most undesirable that we should import indiscriminately every novelty we see on the other side of the water, but the danger of this is greatly exaggerated, and at all events its greatest force existed on the first opening of the continent, and is now much diminished, because the natural impulse of national character has resumed its power, and discrimination is certainly not deficient to assist our judgment. But we have many mouths to feed and many hands to employ at home, and every little opening must be seized to extend our acquaintance and form connections. Every mile per hour that our steamers gain by modern improvements, every pound of fuel that can be economized, contributes to extend our market, and if we can but push these accessions of power fast enough and far enough, in increasing our production of food at home and bringing nearer to us our colonial and foreign correspondents, no fear that even our enormous production will not find outlets for our industry.

To revert to our journey, after the return of the steamer, we again took our places in the omnibus in order to regain the Folkstone station, from which point we commenced the six miles towards Dover. Looking at the white wall which extends in continuous cliffs along the coast in that direction, and the admirable accommodations at Folkstone, one can scarcely help feeling that every useful object was gained by the completion of the line thus far, and a good turnpike road might have been sufficient to Dover, while a part of the enormous outlay of £100,000 per mile for the last portion might have been spent in improving Folkstone harbour; but the public demand for the extension could not be resisted, and though the authorities at Dover appear to have given very little encouragement, (except the Government, who afforded every facility as far as the necessary interference with the fortifications was concerned,) the benefit to the town and harbour must be very great.

On leaving the station at Folkstone, we begin almost immediately to enter the lower chalk hills, and after a long cut with very steep sides, pass through the Martello Tunnel, so called from having one of those towers above it, forming a part of the range of forts erected, during the last war, along the line of this coast. This tunnel extends to 1848 feet, and immediately on leaving it we enter the Abbott's Cliff, 5685 feet long. Beyond this tunnel that extraordinary operation, the blasting of the cliff, took place. As described by an eye-witness, the scene must have been imposing in the highest degree. The cliff is several hundred feet high at this point, and so deeply was the mine sunk that the signal gun was the loudest report they heard. There was a violent tremor of the earth, and the tremendous mass reft from the mountain side by the force of the gunpowder, (of which 18,000 lbs. are said to have been used,) sunk with majestic deliberation into the sea, the flag-staff still standing upright on the top. It is perhaps to be regretted that the rough masses have all been smoothed, and the black stain on the face of the cliff was of course speedily obliterated by the weather. Beyond this point a sea wall of 4533 feet has been erected as a barrier, and we enter the Shak-

speare Tunnel, which is constructed with a double archway, the openings having an appearance, from Folkstone, like two black figures against the chalk cliff. This tunnel, which is 4000 feet long, was constructed with two parallel lines and lofty Gothic arches, in the vain hope that the partition wall of chalk between would stand without building. It ended with the whole being cased in brick. It is a very fine work, and we were enabled to examine it with great care, the engine being made to go slow, and blue lights burned. Thus we see that above two miles out of the six are actually tunnelled; and besides, the immense sea wall, and the cliff broken down soon after issuing from the Shakspeare Tunnel, as if to exhaust every species of difficulty in this extraordinary work, the road is carried along the face of the cliff upon a gallery, with the sea rolling beneath for a long space, till at length it enters the terminus through one of the bastions of the outworks, which was tunnelled. The station is of enormous extent and extremely well arranged. It approaches very near to the Docks, which we inspected. Here too the want of a low-water pier is much felt. The harbour is besides liable to be filled up by the immense quantities of gravel which the sea, in a westerly wind, transports to its entrance, forming a bar very inconvenient for shipping. Mr. Walker, the engineer, was consulted about removing this obstruction, and advised, what appears to be successful, a dock near the mouth of the harbour, which keeps back every tide a supply of water to be let out with a rush through sluices. This has proved very useful in clearing the harbour at small expense. The appearance of the place is picturesque, surrounded on three sides with irregular hills, the sea forming a little bay sheltered from the west.

The castle has a good effect on the heights. The Marine Terrace, the fashionable residence, encircles a part of the beach with very handsome houses, much resorted to now at the best season. The probable result of the rivalry between the two ports of Dover and Folkstone will be, that the latter will retain almost all the traffic to Paris, especially after the railway is carried from thence to Boulogne, while Dover will attract from London almost all the passengers going by Calais and Ostend to the Northern parts of Europe. Already the arrangements enable you to reach Brussels in one day from London, where you can pay the whole fare beforehand, as well as to Cologne, &c. We remained on the pier some time enjoying the sea breeze, and watching the bustle of the port, which gives it an interest that Brighton and most other places of the kind along the coast cannot command. But, besides the views and the constant variety of a sea-port, Dover retains many curious relics of the Roman power in Britain, which are well worthy of the attention of the antiquary, and although Shakspeare's mistake in describing the gathering of samphire on these cliffs has been perpetuated by giving his name to them, his admirable description of the bold bluff promontory renders that interesting object not unworthy of such an appellation. Returning to the train, and passing again through the wonderful works which render this line one of the most striking instances of perseverance and scientific power, we reached London at an early hour in the evening, in a glorious sunset, St. Paul's glittering like burnished gold, after a day full of variety and interest, such as could alone be enjoyed in the present age, and is undoubtedly one of its most curious characteristics.

THE DEAD.

[From the German of KLOPSTOCK.]

How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near!
How they so softly rest,
All in their silent graves,
Deep to corruption
Slowly down-sinking!
And they no longer weep,
Here, where complaint is still!
And they no longer feel,
Here, where all gladness flies
And, by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the Angel
Calls them, they slumber!—LONGFELLOW.